



Fifty Shades of Blood



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Chapter 1 by Grasshopper

"How did I get here?" John moaned to himself. He was hurting all over, and was wet and cold. He started a mental checklist to probe for injuries like a computer booting up for the first time.

"Let's see.... Toes, check. Legs, check. Fingers....," he could move his right hand, but there was something heavy on his left. He slowly lifts his free arm to dry his eyes then learns that there's also square shrouds of glass. He slowly wipes his eyes as he continues probing for injuries.

"Neck, check."

That was the moment he realized he couldn't hear anything. He fumbled around in the dark recesses of his mind and was able to find the On switch. Immediately he could hear a baby's cries, a hissing noise, and the sound of rain pattering on a surface.

At first everything was dark and out of focus but as he continued to open his eyes, he saw Pam's arm draped across him. Her hand was moving so he knew she was still alive. He took her hand to pull her closer, but the last he remembered was.... her arm was not attached.

Chapter 2 by Dink



The glass, destruction, and our blood. Remember the Tornado that just hit our home, I stood up as the rain fell. I found Pam. She was unconscious. I found her arm.

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The dispatch woman got our information and told us that it could take awhile because our town was just hit by an F-5, 318 mph Tornado. All units were out helping others and it could be quite a while before they make it to us.

The way the blood was shooting from severed shoulder joint, I was afraid she couldn't wait that long. I removed my belt and tied it tight around the stub that was left of her arm, then wrapped her in a beach towel.

I carried her outside and, OMG "where is my car"?

Chapter 3 by Mrs.Intangible



Pam and I had moved to this house not even a year ago. We needed a fresh start. This is not what we needed right now.

"Pam, honey, everything is going to be fine. We are going to get to the hospital soon" he whispered to her. Knowing that getting there was going to be near impossible.

The sky was shades of gray, winds were still swooping along the street. I need to find transportation, and fast. I run to the neighbors house, not even knocking I push the door open. It was already off the hinges, looks to be a tornado may have come across their porch.

"Hello, hello, help me? Can anyone hear me?" screaming, now in full panic mode. I am assuming they left before the storm hit, Mr. Carson was a single, middle aged plastic surgeon. He had means to be just about anywhere.

I look through his entrance way desk, scrambling for keys to his second car in the garage. "Bingo", I started to the back door slinging it open so fast I almost threw my arm out.

I am sure he won't mind if I borrow his 65' Shelby, mind or not, it's getting us where we need to go.

Chapter 4 by Mrs.Intangible

I run at top speed back to my fragile car. I quickly gather her up and put her in the passenger seat.

"We are on the way to the hospital, just sit easy, I explain, trying to keep my voice steady and confident."

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Full tank. Belted in. On our way. "Shit!!" slipped out too loudly, "JOHN JOHN JOHN!! WHAT HAPP....." Pam screamed, then out she went again. I forgot her limb. I hurry back inside , and scoop it up, throw it into our Yeti and fill it with ice. How I am still thinking this coherently is beyond me.

Reverse, drive, go go go go I am telling my self what I am doing in my head. Like I am narrating my own actions. " Stay calm man, have to remain" steadily talking to my self. I am about to loose my shit.

Chapter 5 by Unkie



We finally arrived at the emergency room. She was immediately carted into surgery while I was sent into the waiting room until they finished. It was a scary situation as my wife had already lost so much blood.

The waiting was totally chaotic with every seat taken and others standing or sitting on the floor. A nurse came into the room asking if anyone there knew if they had type B Negative blood. John asked her "is my wife the one who needs the blood"? "Yes, she said. Two ladies stood and followed the nurse out of the room.

A man frantically darted into the emergency room asking for help for his pregnant wife. "The baby's coming...hurry...please....someone". The desk nurse told him that no one was available, all emergency crews are out and no one is available to come with him.

John jumped up and said " Let's go help your wife...there are people here donating their blood for my wife to live, I'll help yours".

Chapter 6 by Grasshopper



John could a beat up car under the emergency room awning. Heavily dented from the hail, window glass hanging out their frames by the window tint, and mud & debris stuck to one side.

When we got up to the car the heavy Lamaze breathing was quickly replaced by the realization that she know she herself wasn't going to hang on as long as she could for what was to be the last time.

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John at first just stood there in shock reading the different pains, thoughts, and emotions pulse across her dilating eyes which dated back and forth between her moving stomach and the dripping object protruding from her neck.

John didn't remember anything between then and the holding of a now crying baby boy. As if someone had took control or possessed him during that time. He would later learn that as the mother passed, that he had calmly opened her up like a christmas present and saved the child.

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8

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Aza - writing a bit :)

4 months ago

I feel that the first chapter of this story had an incredible amount of potential, but as it went it got very off-track and kind of lost any sort of plot. I feel that the drafters just forgot that it was supposed to be mystery. However, I do love the premise, as well as Grasshopper's writing. I might try and write a draft, but it's really hard for me at the moment, because not only is it almost over, it doesn't have a plot.

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